

Sketch

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Poem

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Poem

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Abstract

Elves live in his head Smiling from behind his eyes, Singing in his laugh...

The car slowly changed to a small truck, rusted and dirty. It took ages to cover the few miles of flat blacktop to the dirt road. He began his time-honored routine. Nonchalantly, he held the top of the duffel bag and rested its weight on the ground. He closed his eyes, deciding that this one had to pick him up. His hand was sweating as his thumb went up, but he put on a brave smile to show whoever was driving he was harmless.

The truck kept traveling down the straightaway, then seemed to slow down. Finally, he could leave the grit, heat, and interminable drone of insects. Suddenly he realized that it wasn't stopping at all; it was just trying not to hit him. His hopes sank to the ground and were covered by swirling, choking dust as the truck whooshed by and the driver waved.

His thumb dropped limply to his side as he swore under his breath and dropped onto his bag. A grasshopper landed with a small splat at his feet as he closed his eyes and listened to the world.

Poem

by Anne Church

Speech, Junior

Elves live in his head
Smiling from behind his eyes,
Singing in his laugh.